

We Too, Can Fight

Last year, we dedicated a service flag which proudly proclaimed to the world that our school had given fifteen young men to the service of our country. Since that time, one blue star has changed to gold and we have rededicated our flag with sincere words and hearts, even prayers and tears are not enough, however sincere. The war has been going on for more than two years, but the students of State Teacher's College at Worcester, like the country of Argentina, are still neutral. Think for a moment of the activities sponsored or even remotely connected with our student organizations which might be classified as war services. Your listing will be pitifully small, almost non-existent. Other schools sell war bonds, roll bandages, sponsor service dances, and knit. We do none of these things. Every war project we have attempted has been a colossal flop within a very short period, but not for lack of work on the part of the sponsors. Rather, it was the response of the student body as a whole to any plea which involved a little effort on their part, even to bringing an extra dime for a war stamp. True, in your free time after school or in other organizations, you may participate in all of these activities and more. But for the greatest part of the week, you are a part of our school organization, and at the same time a part of the great civilian army supposedly spending every waking moment in some kind of war effort. **YOU ARE WASTING TIME!** There are many things that you could do. Only you can decide which of them will be your contribution. But, decide you must, and soon. Let the next proposal for a war activity come from the people who will carry it on—the students. And after it has been proposed, let those same people give it every possible support. Two years is a very long time to stay on the side-lines of the world's biggest game. Let's get in there and fight!

Think This Over

(Condensed from an advertisement by Foote, Cone and Belding)

"I hope the hardships we had to endure may be a lesson to the people back home..." CAPT. EDDIE RICK-BACKER.

Are you annoyed because your food is rationed? Read this: "For the first few days we were rationed on the basis of two sips of water per man..."

Do you feel cheated because the butcher has no steaks? Read this: "A sea gull landed on my head. I caught him and wrung his neck, and carved up his carcass. We divided it equally. It was delicious..."

Do you complain because your house isn't warm enough? Read this: "The waves were breaking over us continually, and because of the wind,

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"The Voice of the Low I. Q."

BY EFFA A. PRESTON

(This article was not written by a member of the student body).

"Yeah, I'm in the special class this term. Sure, I like it all right; we have lots of fun, and the work's got lots of sense to it. I can do it. Why did I get put there? Well, I ain't so sure. The report said I had a low I.Q., but nobody noticed it till last spring, when I couldn't get along in Miss Brown's class. She gave the test, and when I handed in my paper, she looked at it and said, 'Just what I thought. I knew he didn't belong in here.'"

Yeah, it was something they call an "Intelligence Test." It was awfully funny. At first, I thought it was just a joke, but it turned out it wasn't. You had to put crosses on pictures, and circles around 'em, and lines under 'em, and dots over 'em, till I got sort of mixed up, so I just drew a line right through the middle of them. There was some sentences to write "Yes" or "No" after; sentences like this: "A carpenter builds houses." I wrote "No" because my old man's a carpenter, and he ain't built a house in four years. He's working on the railroad track. The boy that sat next to me put "No" on every other sentence, and then filled the rest up with "Yes." He gotta swell mark. I read so slow that I only got four done before the time was up. I got so tired of being hurried up all the time.

A tree, a fish, a cake of ice. Look at this! It is so funny, I tore out the page and kept it. I'll read what it tells you to do. "John is ten years old, and his sister Mary is eight. If John is not Mary's brother, draw a line from the fish to the cake of ice. If Mary and John are twins, write your middle name under the tree, and if you have no middle name there, put zero there. If they are not twins, print your last name on the tree. If Mary is younger than John, write the Roman number eight in the upper left hand corner of the paper, but if John is older than Mary, draw a cat in the lower right hand corner. If they both go to school, write your full name at the bottom of the page." I'm never sure how to spell my name, so I didn't even try to do this one.

Miss Brown didn't like it because I asked a lotta questions. She thought I was being fresh, but I wasn't. There's a lotta things I want to know about. I never get mad when she answers, but they always seem to fit the wrong questions. Anyway, everything's changin' all the time so what's the use of learning things today, maybe they won't even be true tomorrow? I know heaps of things Miss Brown didn't know, like where to find bird's nests, and how to fix a leaky pipe, and what the baseball

Edith Abercrombie Snow

One of the most delightful and informative Assemblies of this year was the one in which Mrs. Edith Snow told us something about Portugal and her experiences while she was visiting "the gateway of Europe." Truly, she is a charming ex-officio ambassador of America to Portugal. In the brief time allotted to her, she gave us a fleeting glimpse into the life, politics, literature and music of this hitherto little thought about country. I am sure that she stimulated a good deal of thought about Portugal in the minds of both faculty and students. It is certain that we would all welcome Mr. Snow back again for another lecture on Portugal or on some other European country she has visited. The assembly committee deserves a vote of thanks for presenting such a varied and timely program for our Friday assembly.

Sophomore Assembly

Last week, the Sophomore Class provided entertainment for the entire college. The class participated in a Minstrel Show. Specialty numbers included Mary Reeves, Barbara Tomoloni, Emmet Fink, and Bob O'Leary. Endmen, who entertained with a variety of jokes, songs, and dances, Regina Labenski danced to "China Town;" June Scott rendered a violin solo of "Dixie;" Hester Hanley danced to "Sweet Sue." The chorus backed them up in such numbers as "Rolling Along," and "O, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

War songs, consisting of "The Caisson Song," the Air Corps, Navy, and Marine Hymns gave a patriotic touch to the program.

The assembly ended with the "School Song" sung by the students and faculty. Congratulations to the Sophs!

scores are. She has to send for the janitor when the lights go out, or a window shade tears. I can do lots of things if I don't have to read how in a book first.

Sure, I'm glad I'm in the special class. I get lots more attention. Seems like if you're awful smart or dumb, they do a lot for you, but if you're "normal" they just leave you set. I heard the school Psychologist—that's a man that comes in just before promotion—he told Miss Brown it was on account of my grandfather and the rest of my ancestors. She said it was kind of late to do anything about it now, and he said it was, but I must have the proper training so I'd be a good ancestor.

Gosh, I don't want to be no ancestor, I'm gointa be a plumber."

"Truth in her dress finds facts too tight—in fiction she moves with ease."

—Rabindranath Tagore

Robert Nathan: Prayer for Exiles

Almighty Spirit who has shaped our truth,
Within whose awful hand the sparrows rest,
Whose angels in the heavens of our youth
With holy mercy comforted our breasts,
Father and friend, whose voice melodious
Sang through the thunder in the cloudy dome,
Take to Your heart which weeps for all of us,
These children very small and far from home.
These are no soldiers weighted with a sword,
These are but babies fed with bitter bread;
Their only roof and dwelling is Your word,
Your love the only pillow for their head.
Watch over them and guard them all forlorn,
Far in the west amidst the alien corn.

Thanks to the Yanks

Recently we added a gold star to our service flag in honor of Bob Fox who gallantly gave up his dearest possession, his life. If Bob were still writing to us, he would say, as he always did, that nothing brings greater cheer or courage to a man in the service than a letter from home.

Yet, few of us are writing regularly to our boys in the service. Just put yourself in their position. You, too, would like mail from home. Why not be fair with them and write? Proof that they want you to write is contained in the following excerpts: "It seems a long time since I have heard from the gang. How is everybody?"—Warren Hultquist.

"Gee, that was some volume that you wrote! I wish there were more of them. That's the kind of stuff I read over and over."—Dick Boulay.

"Give my regards to the kids and tell them to write."—Dick Beals.

"I haven't heard from—or—in some time. How about giving them a pep-talk?"—Al Barrios.

"I know several girls from Worcester who are nursing over here. Boy, it seems good to hear from home!"—Ed McGee.

"You can console those Freshman girls, that even though all the men are away from home, there isn't a sailor here who wouldn't give anything he owned to spend 24 hours at S.T.C. That included myself.... What's new up there?"—George Laird.

We like you, too, George, and we'll write.

Since our paper is sent to all of our boys in the service, the faculty and students of S.T.C. send love and best wishes to you all, plus prayers for a speedy home coming.

Freshman Dance

The class of '47 contributed its initial offering to the social events of the school on February 12, when the Freshmen Dance was held on the college gymnasium. It was a festive affair with valentine decorations helping to transport the dancers to a dream world.

Dancers glided to the enchanting strains of Morty Gould and his orchestra. Refreshments consisted of punch and cookies.

Chaperones were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Riordan, faculty advisor of the class, Dr. and Mrs. Albert Farnsworth, Miss Dorothy Stafford, and Miss George Shaw.

Mary Cavanaugh was assisted by the following committee chairmen: decorations, Marion Russell; reception, Josephine Golinski; orchestra, Carolyn Carlson; chaperone, Barbara Brosnan; dance orders, E. Dorothy Smith; refreshments, Laura Jacobson.

Freshman Secrets

Congratulations, Freshmen! You certainly were on the beam in those exams, and now Mary Gagnon, Dot Willard, Phyllis Boerner, and those other girls who saw the morning clock strike four may retire in peace.

Now that life is back to normal, Kay O'Neil, Jeanne Gagnon, Carolyn Carlson, and Grace Keegan are burning the mid-night oil. They claim it is educational. We wonder.

We heard remarks that those Cross lads find Pat Doyle, Dot Smith, Mary Cavanaugh and Tillie Driscoll rather interesting, but on the other hand, Worcester lads can't compare with that handsome sailor of Anne McCarthy's from Washington, D.C., who had "My Ideal" composed just for her.

Now about the educational side—if you happen to see some of us out to lunch, figuratively speaking, in Dr. Farnsworth's class, we are thinking how romantic it must have been to live in the past centuries when men were men and women were si-rens.

A Freshman Suggests

Greater support of social functions by upper classmen.

Greater choice for language study. More frequent advice by instructors concerning marks of students.

More support of the W.A.A. and in all club activities.

Initiation of Freshmen their first week.

Use of college seals, emblems, and banners.

Social intercommunication—canteen idea—Holy Cross, Tech., etc. Freshmen, Soph., Jr. and Senior Class Day.

"Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other."

—Franklin

THE ACORN STAFF

Editors.....	Barbara A. Stewart
Associate Editors.....	Eleanor Looney Mathilda Runstein Barbara Cypher
Literary Editor.....	Florence Streeter
Club Editor.....	Mary McDonald
Art Editor.....	Betty Holm
Service Editor.....	Claire George
Exchange Editor.....	Betty Kennedy
Business Manager.....	Marie Kenary
Reporter.....	Barbara Conway, '46
Reporter.....	Eleanor Moosey, '46
Reporter.....	Ethelyn Maloney, '47
Reporter.....	Barbara Brosnan, '47
Advisor.....	Kathryn R. O'Donnell

Now that the Worcester School Committee has adopted the National Teacher Examinations as a partial basis for the selection of teachers for the public schools of the city, we may all take satisfaction in the fact that here at S.T.C. is an official examining center. For the past three years, under the direction of Dr. Averill as Examiner representing the American Council on Education, this service has been offered in Central Massachusetts. Boston, Pittsfield, and Springfield are the only other examining centers in the State.

The National Teacher Examinations comprise a battery of objective examinations for teaching candidates. Administered once a year, the tests cover: understanding and use of the English language, reasoning ability, general cultural information, understanding of points of view and methods of professional education, knowledge of contemporary affairs transpiring in the world, and mastery of the subject matter to be taught. These examinations have already been administered to approximately 15,000 teachers throughout the U.S. They will be given this year on March 17th and 18th.

S.T.C. students always rate well in the National Examination Programs, as witness their standing annually in the National Freshman Testing Program and in the National Sophomore Testing Program. Here is a chance for the Seniors to perpetuate a grand tradition! The best of good wishes to them as they tackle the National Teacher Examinations!

THE RENAISSANCE OF SCIENCE

If science expands during the post-war years at its present rate, there will be no dearth of able American recruits in this field. Popular interest in chemistry, astronomy, navigation, aeronautics, radio, bacteriology, meteorology, and scores of other branches of science is much greater than at any previous time. Technical magazines have increased in circulation, and are giving more attention to items of scientific progress.

A significant indication of the trend among young people is the announcement regarding the Science Clubs of America, an organized group of boys and girls who wish to prepare for scientific careers. It has grown about three hundred percent in membership within a year. More than 2500 clubs are scattered throughout the United States, Canada, and our possessions.

Will the trend continue after the war, when the scientific subjects are not so closely related to gainful careers? The champions of classical and liberal education are not sure. This is a momentous question that must be decided when this world has regained its ability.

Propaganda

On the radio, in movies, books, newspapers,—everywhere we go we hear it, see it, yes, and fall for it, too. Strange, isn't it—that we who should know better, who will later warn youth against its evils, should be the very ones who fail to recognize propaganda when it is with us.

We turn on a radio and what do we hear? A Russian statesman expounding the similarities in his interests and ours. Of course, there is no mention of the Finnish affair; that was too long ago—almost four years now.

So we turn the dial, only to hear a long jabbering in a supposedly foreign language, but which finally ends up with "Sold! American!". That's propaganda, too, yet our purchases keep it going.

Perhaps we like to go to the movies for recreation. With what are we entertained? Lately, all we've seen are very good films showing the evils of Hitlerism, Nipponism, but

nothing about Anglicanism. No, Britain is on our side now. Incidentally, she has the best propaganda machinery in the world—but that's beside the point.

We decide to read a book or a newspaper. What happens? Same thing. Just a few days ago, for instance, we were horrified at the atrocious stories of Captain Dyess, who told of the Jap's treatment of prisoners. In fact, we were so horrified at the stories that the newspapers were glad to report a few days later that the sale of bonds had doubled. Granted, this was for a good cause, but not all propaganda results in the same way.

Yet, our reactions are the same. Why? Because we are a fast moving people; we are too easily convinced and take things as they seem to be, not as they really are. Instead of having "Stop—Look—and Listen" signs everywhere, it might be a good idea to have signs which read; "Look, Listen, Stop and Think."

William Allen White

William Allen White was first a successful man in his own home town, among those who saw him every day and knew him best. He once told a reporter, with real regret, that in his early days in Emporia he knew almost everyone he met on the street well enough to call him by his first name, but that the town had grown so he could not say this of much more than half the population, that is, six or seven thousand. But everyone in Emporia and literally millions outside of Emporia knew Will White.

He thrived in the ordinary business way because he was a good manager. When he arrived in Emporia in 1895 he was \$3,000 in debt and had \$1.25 in cash. What he was worth in money when he died is of little consequence, except to prove that he did something which everyone who knows anything about small town newspapers will admit was a miracle.

What he was worth to Emporia, to Kansas, to the United States, and to us who thought of him as a friend has to be calculated in other terms. Will White made Emporia like himself. One could not think of either the man nor the town without thinking of the other. He made the State of Kansas a little like himself. His humorous, friendly personality and his mellowed wisdom spread to all parts of the country.

He had the courage to be inconsistent in many things, but he stuck to basic principles. He wanted to keep his town, his county, his State, his country ~~going~~ ahead toward a happier civilization, not in blind haste, but traveling all the time.

It was once said of Frank Frost: "His neighbors will mourn him long and not soon will they find someone to fill his place." The words are true of Will White, whose neighbors include you and me.

New Additions to Library

The Chemical Front, by Haynes.
Our Young Folks, by Fisher.
Egypt and the Suez Canal, by Roberts.

North Africa, by Brodrick.
Look at Africa, by Woolbert.
Psychology Through Literature, by Shrodes.

War Economics, by Backman.
The Native Peoples of New Guinea, by Stirling.

Secret History of the American Revolution, by Van Doren, C.
Mainsprings of World Politics, by Emeny.

The Peoples of the Soviet Union, by Hrdlicka.

Introducing Australia, by Grafton.
Writing History, by Kent.
Liberal Education, by Van Doren, M.

Islands and Peoples of the Indies, by Kennedy.

Weather Around the World, by Tanenhill.

Teaching the Social Studies, by Wesley.

A History of American Economic Life, by Kirkland.

Historic Design for Modern Use, by Kerr.

Summary of the World's Federation Plan, by Culbertson.

Planning and Producing Posters, by DeLemos.

Many of the qualifications needed for successful teaching are those required for a successful career in any field. Such traits as adaptability, fairness, poise, good health, and sincerity are also necessary for success in the business world. There are, however, certain characteristics which seem peculiar to the teaching profession. In addition to at least a normal intelligence and satisfactory scholarship, a teacher should have better than average health, especially good eyes and feet, a voice which is not unpleasant, nerves under excellent control; a liking for analyzing situations, enjoyment of being with people, originality, ingenuity, natural efficiency, willingness to give time to details, and last, but not least, a liking for hard work and willingness to give gladly more time to school work than the school day provides.

The person who enters teaching possessed with most of these qualities may expect to be rewarded largely through the knowledge that she has given and guided human beings along lines which will help them live more fully and completely.

One characteristic that future teachers should cultivate is a sense of responsibility. I think this is a forgotten virtue. At least it seems such in these troublesome days when human life is held in such little respect. Look at our divorce courts; they record one divorce out of every six marriages. Young people evidently not realize the responsibilities which matrimony entails.

Wars are not caused or precipitated by one factor alone. There are many human, economic, and political failings which eventually end in war. One of these factors may well be the lack of responsibility.

Too many people are only too eager to assume responsibility without having a concept of what it is. Too many prospective teachers are taking on the responsibility of moulding fine characters without a full realization of the process of "turning out" these excellent characters.

Newman Club

At the February meeting of the Newman Club, Miss Foster, faculty advisor, reviewed the book, "What Other Answer," by Margaret Grant. At this meeting Miss Foster also showed two films on the Mas.

On February 18th, the club in conjunction with the Senior Class had a Mass said for Robert Fox, past president of the Senior Class, and a former member of the club, who was killed at the battle of Tarawa.

Tentative plans have been made for a regional conference to be held in the spring with the Newman Clubs of other State Teachers Colleges in Massachusetts.

Father Riley, club chaplain, will conduct a question period at the March meeting, and he will also discuss the use of the Missal at Mass.

On April 29th, the second dance with the members of the Tech Club will be held at the college.

"If eyes were made for seeing, then beauty is its own excuse for being."
—Emerson

"The Bible is literature, not dogma."
—Santayana

George Washington

Ed. note. (These are a few of the rules on courtesy that Washington gave to his army).

1. Every action in company ought to be with some sign of respect to those present.

2. Turn not your back to others, especially in speaking; jog not the table or desk on which another reads or writes; lean not on anyone.

3. Let your countenance be pleasant, but in serious matters be grave.

4. Show not yourself glad at the misfortune of another, though he were your enemy.

5. Let your discourse with men of business be short and comprehensive.

6. Associate yourself with men of good quality, if you esteem your own reputation, for it is better to be alone than in bad company.

7. Be not forward, but friendly and courteous; the first to salute, hear, and answer; and be not pensive when it is time to converse.

8. Detract not from others; neither be excessive in commending.

9. Give not advice without being asked, and when desired, do it briefly.

10. Think before you speak; pronounce not imperfectly, nor bring out your words too hastily, but orderly and distinctly.

11. Treat with men at fit times about business; and whisper not in the company of others.

12. Be not apt to relate news if you know not the truth thereof. In discoursing of things you have heard, name not your author always.

13. Undertake not what you cannot perform, but be careful to keep your promise.

14. Speak not evil of the absent, for it is unjust.

15. Let your recreations be manful, not sinful.

16. Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire, called conscience.

Debating Club

The Debating Club under the direction of Miss Banigan, opens its season of debate this month. A tentative schedule of debates has been arranged with various colleges both in Worcester and out of the city. Our team will debate these colleges on following dates:

March 2—Rhode Island State College, R. I.

March 9—Worcester Tech., Worcester, Mass.

March 16—Fitchburg Teachers College, Fitchburg, Mass.

March 23—Rhode Island College of Education, R. I.

April 13—Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass.

Both faculty and students are invited to attend these debates and root for the team. Go to it, debaters, and good luck!

Dramatic Club

At the last meeting, members of the Dramatic Club read portions of "The Cherry Orchard," by Anton Chekhov. This drama is currently being produced on Broadway. Plans are now being made for readings of currently produced plays at future meetings.

Help Wanted

- Wanted—tutor with experience in mathematics for one semester.—M. Runstein.
- Wanted—one female student complete with muscles and enthusiasm to brighten the Senior Gym Class.
- Wanted—several new and talented faces to lift the burden from Miss Banigan's over-worked assembly committee.
- Wanted—bigger and better community sings with a "popular" song now and then.
- Wanted—a first class reporter for the exclusive use of Dr. Beals and his avid curiosity about school affairs.
- Wanted—a few not-so-good looking freshmen to cut down their overwhelming superiority in the beauty field.
- Wanted—companionship, female or otherwise for the lonely Jr. Secondaries.
- Wanted—a little peace and quiet. Flora and Fauna.
- Wanted—a little better distribution of vim and vitality which seems to be concentrated in the class of '46.
- Wanted—one "student."

JOSEPH W. RIORDAN

Lost and Found

- Lost—in vicinity of Putnam and Thurston's, one copy of "Dashes of Lavender." Return to E. Fink, men's lounge.
- Lost—one Grade A Economics Class complete with assorted questions. Finder return to Dr. Albert "lonely" Farnsworth.
- Found—one broken-down alleged comedian answering to the name of Walter. Owner may have by paying for this ad.
- Found—a lesson plan book with the months of November and January missing. Call for same at office of Miss Foster, (at your own risk).
- Found—the inestimable blessing of being once more on the receiving end of the classroom. The Senior Secondaries.

Personals

- Venise—come back. E. is frantic. All is forgiven.
- Am leaving for Los Angeles, June 10, on extended vacation. Would love to give ride to service man. Call 3-5200 and ask for Kip.
- Available—one high class song and dance act suitable for private parties. Call at girl's or boy's lounge, between 12:00—12:50 P.M.

FOR SALE

- One used copy of "Techniques—New—Old." Cheap.—G. Maloney.
- One souvenir of New York City and Grant's Tomb.—B. McCann.
- Ticket to "Grandma's Recital"—half price.—V. Withstandley.
- Extension Course in Shooting—One Thing or another.—M. Harrington.
- Copy of "Advice on Taking Exams the First Year."—The Freshmen.
- One sense of humor—slightly worn but still able to function—going out of business.—Pat.

"The truly great, the genuine, the sublime, wins its slow way in silence."

—Faust

W. A. A.

Time Marches On!

Christmas vacation is over with and now it is almost time for the spring recess. However, the weeks in between these two vacations have been mighty active for a good many students.

The Freshmen and the Sophomores, with a Junior and a Senior "thrown in," occasionally have been busily engaged in basketball games and practice. There have been games between the two Freshmen classes, between the Freshmen and the Sophs, and yes, even one between the Seniors and the Sophs.

Bowling is getting to be a favorite sport for some of the girls. The score sheets seem to have a lack of strikes and spares, but after all, we aren't trying to compete with the experts.

Did you ever see the gym so active as it has been lately? The buzzing is due to the ping-pong tournament. It has been rumored that some of the faculty members who eagerly signed up have been rather slow in challenging their competitors.

In case any of the students are interested in meeting some of their sister State Teacherites from Fitchburg, our chance will be March 3rd. A basketball game is to be played with them. After the game, there will be a social hour in the cafeteria. Don't forget that there is still time to sign up for swimming at the "Y." Come one, come all. There's enough water to drown all of you.

Tojo and His Fate

Tojo lived across the water
On some isles of little matter,
Scheming endlessly to see
When 'twere best to have a spree.

Soon he got his chance for action
On Pearl Harbor sent a mission,
Dumped his bombs without discretion
On that isle, a peaceful nation.

Surely little did he know
How his hatred, it would grow
In the hearts of all that day
Who in the churches knelt to pray.

Since that day he's wandered far,
Here to murder, there to scar,
All with ghastly grin of glee,
Sneaky, sleek, and all too free.

Soon his time howe'er will come
And his deeds, (a filthy sum)
Will be reckoned and repaid
By the enemies he's made.

Then voices pitiless will sound
Through the night, in endless round.
To wherever Tojo lies
On hill, on dale,
Neath threatening skies

AGNES ABRAMS

Literary Club

The Literary Club elected Kay O'Neill vice-president and Grace Keegan secretary at its last meeting. Books reviewed included; "Mr. and Mrs. North," by Frances and David Lockridge, reviewed by Ethel Durrie. Lorraine Dunn reported on "The Interpreter," by Philip Gibbs. A story about General MacArthur was reviewed by Patricia Doyle. Plans were made to attend the movie "Madame Curie."

From One Girl to Another

Thank Goodness! Exams are finally over for another little while. I can breathe a sigh of relief. I've made a resolution to study harder from heretoforth. I think my exams take just as much out of my family as they do me. Have you ever met a librarian who is more cooperative than Miss Fitch? She'd search from one end of the library to the other to help you secure what you want. Miss Banigan's assembly about Peace, certainly left us with something to think about, didn't it?

Do we have to remind you that we have the best food in Worcester at the cheapest prices? Thanks to the fine management of Miss Kirtledge.

The poor sophomores have all the luck—imagine having to do two research papers in the same week. No wonder they're walking around with circles under their eyes. Honestly, Miss Stafford is certainly keeping the gym sizzling. You have to put your name on the reserve list just to use a paddle for five minutes.

Classmania

Question on examination: "Name three German cities recently bombed." Brilliant student: "German cities have been bombed, but the names haven't been revealed as yet."

A student was asked to choose a famous person and rate him concerning his asset characteristics. The student chose Roosevelt and placed all his characteristics under 100%. A voice from the rear answered, "She must be a Democrat."

A few days before exams were to begin, one teacher noticed that four or five of the students were absent. She remarked it would be a pity if they were to get sick. A student replied, "It might be a blessing."

Smile and the World

Smiles With You

WINIFRED RUSHFORD

SMILE! Be happy, cheerful, and gay! Lend your glad voices to the echoes of the corridor! As you walk down the halls of W.S.T.C. drag not your steps to a solemn dirge, but rather let your heels click to the rhythmic melody of "Mares Eat Oats."

Yes, it is those same old Mid-Year Blues that have you down. Your hearts are heavy; reports have been passed out. Your spirits are low. You had no man for the Freshman Dance. Besides this, you are just w-o-r-n out. Were you burning midnight oil?? And above all, the dark clouds of war have engulfed your school. Be not oblivious of this universal unhappiness, but even in darkness, let the light of merriment burn on.

Laughter is not rationed. Take advantage of this. Release your spirit from its prison of gloom. Set it free to laugh, to be gay, to enjoy, and to be proud of achievement. Come on, fellow students, take your places at the helm and weather your ships through the storm. You know the saying, "The Gremlins will get you if you don't watch out." You better dispel Gremlin Gloom.

Get "hep," colleagues, eat your vitamins, and pack up your troubles in your old school bag and smile, smile, SMILE!

Diary of Drusilla

Monday: Start week off wonderfully by missing busses. Frighten passengers on June St. trolley by muttering violently to myself. Notice at school my lunch is forgotten and, counting my pennies, remind myself dieting is good for one's health and appearance. Am having a perfectly wonderful reverie in composition class when teacher announces we are to write a theme. Spend remainder of day pondering on a subject and decide to follow friend's advice, to write, "It was too funny for words."

Tuesday: Spend lunch hour frantically scribbling suddenly inspired composition. Pass in, hopefully, my blotted paper. Oh well, Drusilla always did like E's. Remember suddenly in history class that next dance is less than a week away. Begin to take stock of available man-power, and come to the conclusion that resources are distressingly low,—but there's always Junior.

Wednesday: Am consumed with a dreadful thirst in the afternoon and stop in Easton's for a chocolate frappe. Am suddenly greeted by thrilling baritone voice and turn to face Keith Hunter, "homme-fatal" of our class in Junior High School, home on leave. Am visioning myself dancing with this sun-tanned, six-foot sailor, when the baritone voice asks what I am doing now. Reply that I attend W. S. T. C. and have all my hopes for the dance dashed as my dream man, after exclaiming, "You're not going to be a teacher!", hastily excuses himself.

Thursday: Decide to really study for once and settle myself in a comfortable chair with history book, whereupon the phone rings. Hubert wonders if I would like to see "Madame Curie." Remember vaguely a notice on the bulletin board about its being a good picture for French students to see. It will probably be useful to me in Physics my Soph. year (or is it Chemistry?). Off to the movies goes Drusilla.

Friday: Try to hide behind other students all day, but am finally caught in history class. To Dr. Farnsworth's question, "Who was Philip the Handsome?", venture hopefully, "Walter Pidgeon?". Am informed by teacher that I was out to lunch and should be paying attention. Resolve never to go see "Madame Curie" again, when I should be studying history, no matter how Hubert begs, pleads, or threatens.

Firsts at S. T. C.

First song: "Mares Eat Oats"

First in clothes: Sweaters

First in comics: Dick Tracy

First in studies: lunch

First in recreation: worthy use of leisure time

First in books: Tests and Measurements

First in aim: men

Second song: Shoo-Shoo-Baby

Second in clothes: dickies

Second in comics: Smilin Jack

Second in studies: free 6th hours

Second in recreation: bridge

Second in books: Principles and Methods of teaching

Second in aim: men

Last in aim: men

Geography Club

The Geography Club has begun another year under the guidance of Miss Veva K. Dean. Our present officers are: president, Agnes Abram; vice-president, Alice Syverson; secretary, Ruth Tucker.

During the first meeting, the Constitution was read for the purpose of refreshing the minds of the older members and initiating the minds of the new members.

At the second meeting the members held a contest in place geography. Upon request of the members of the club, Miss Dean delivered an impromptu talk on her collection of fluorescent rocks.

Miss Margaret Halley gave an interesting talk concerning the trip she recently made to the Babson Institute.

Plans for the future include preparations for an Assembly Program on Pan American Day, a visit to the geography department at Clark University, and reviews of current events.

B & G Committee Reports

A glance about the halls of S.T.C. reveals the efforts which the Building and Grounds Committee have been making. Faithful attendance among the members has proved the theory that "in union there is strength." These members are: faculty members, Miss Shaw, Miss Barlow, Miss McKelligett, Dr. Farnsworth, and Mr. Riordan; student members are, Vincent Howe and George Maloney of the senior class, Celestine Terroy and Maureen Cove of the junior class, June Scott and Winifred Rushford of the Sophomore class, and Ann McKeon and Virginia McDonald of the freshman class. The improvements which have been made and are about to be made are: maintenance of the bulletin board, changing of the draperies in the cafeteria, and a new set of metal signs to show directions about the building.

The committee is planning an assembly to explain to the school its organization and aims to make our school a more beautiful and comfortable place in which to live and study.

Latin Club

The January meeting of the Latin Club was called to order by Florence Krajewski.

To express their gratitude for his able, considerate guidance, the Latin Club presented to Mr. Jones, faculty adviser, a pair of book-ends. Two new books, one about music and one about current affairs, were contributed to Mr. Jones' library.

Communication

Words can tell ideas

But feelings have no way to be expressed

Except in tears or laughter, or perhaps in kisses;

No one can speak and tell his joy or sorrow,

Or his love,

Nor write it down.

Words are just words

Unless both speaker and the listener Can feel them in their hearts.

And then the words are not needed—Only smiles or tears.

ELSIE HIGGINS

Fighting Quotes

"You might as well fall flat on your face as lean over too far backward."

—Harper's

"The secret of being miserable is to have the leisure to bother about whether you are happy or not."

—Bernard Shaw

"They shall not pass."

—Petain

"We shall fight on the beaches, on the landing grounds, on the fields, in the streets, and in the hills; we shall never surrender."

—Churchill

"The way to love anything is to realize it might be lost."

—G. K. Chesterton

"Liberty is always dangerous, but it is the safest thing we have."

—Harry E. Fosdick

"Tradition does not mean that the living are dead but that the dead are alive."

—G. K. Chesterton

"There are in the world two powers—the sword and the spirit. The spirit has always vanquished the sword."

—Napoleon

"Almost all our faults are more pardonable than the methods we think up to hide them."

—La Rochefoucauld

"A man may build himself a throne of bayonets, but he cannot sit on them."

—Dean Inge

"Anger is a wind which blows out the lamp of the mind."

—Robert Ingersoll

"We must beware of trying to build a society in which nobody counts for anything except a politician, or an official, a society where enterprise gains no reward, and thrift no privileges."

—Churchill

"I respect faith, but doubt is what gets you an education."

—Wilson Mizner

"The frontiers are not east or west, north or south, but wherever a man fronts a fact."

—Thoreau

"Not only does beauty fade, but it leaves a record upon the face as to what became of it."

—Elbert Hubbard

"The optimist is as often wrong as the pessimist, but he is far happier."

"We can always live on less when we have more to live for."

—S. S. McKenney

Cafeteria Suggestion

Please cooperate with the cafeteria by:

1. Selecting and carrying your own luncheon so that we may count customers correctly to receive proper number of ration points. This will aid the cashier greatly.
2. Starting at the correct end of the line to purchase your luncheon thus avoiding confusion for the cashier.
3. Thank you!

**BUY WAR BONDS
AND STAMPS
FOR VICTORY**

Ode to Ten Americans

Ten members of America, land of Liberty,
Run back and forth on Raspberry Street,
Shouting and playing, sweating in heat,
Cursing shrilly above the clatter of the
textile mill.

Kind Americans

Haters of cruelty and oppression,
Make a home for the refugee child,
War is hell . . . on children.

Running noses, knees scabbed with dirt,
City-filthied faces, fluttering rags,
Pinned and hitched in most unusual fashions,
Trying hard to cover what society demands.
Sucking dirty fingers, running through

hordes of flies,

Shouting with shrill gutter voices,
Hoarsened by smoke from the mills,
And city air tasting of soot and smell
of sewers,

Tripping and sprawling, sex filled minds,
Picking over trash barrels,
Climbing fire escapes.

Exercise is good for boys and girls.

Ten sweating, smelling bodies,
Protruding ribs under dirty clothes,
Go home at night to eat . . . and sleep.

All animals must eat and sleep.

Eat cheap sardines, packed in oil,
A large Bermuda onion or a green pepper,
Dipping bread in oil . . . "The finest Cotton-
seed oil,"

Wolfing it down . . . Looking for more.

Tired bodies with bellies half filled

Slide into bed

Street clothes for pajamas.

Lay tossing, rolling, heaving
Breathing the breath of bed-fellows.
Fought by an army of biting nerves
Fed on pale blood.

. . . Finally sleep.

Ten members of humanity,
Land of opportunity,
Land of Democracy.

ELSIE HIGGINS

On the Road to Mandalay

As Stevenson and others have well written, the South Pacific is like a world apart. There is discomfort, death, monotony, privation, and the curse of Adam in general. It is a lonely clime though the sun is ever shining. Oftentimes it is too bright and glaring for the white man. The "Blue Pacific" describes it well. From the first streaks of dawn until sundown the sky, the sea, and the light fluffy clouds themselves are an eternal blue.

It is a cursed world, yet very beautiful and entrancing. The sunsets are beyond both description and exaggeration. The mountains lift themselves out of the sea and throw their peaks into the sky, as no doubt happened during the course of their evolution. It is not a home or a place of rest, for the delicate feminine sky is ever beckoning, ever calling to make one restless and dreamy. You notice the small jewel-like islands far out to sea and you cannot resist the call of them. The scintillating beauty of emerald green and blue waters that surround them are lovely to behold. In the distance, the sands that encircle these islands are almost chalk-white. They complete these jewels of nature. As the waves run lazily along

the shore, first rising and then receding, one sees the palms wafting beneath the lull of the trade winds, and the flash of dark and purple waters midst the green. One also feels that death is there: it is never absent in this land of pulsing life. There are man-eaters in the water and danger in the sun itself. The vast circumference of this blue is compelling, and tends to dwarf a person. It makes one feel very small and sometimes, lost. Adventure is in the air and has led many on a boundless cruise in search of the unknown. It is a vacation land as well as an adventurous paradise.

The deadly Anopheles is found in the jungles and swamps. This is the malaria carrier. There is also Denque, Black Water Fever, and death and illness from many other sources. The romances written about this part of the world are certainly sound in foundation, though they may only be fiction.

Deep in the cool, green pools, amid the many colored coral formations, swim the graceful, brightly painted tropical fish. One may compare them with the double rainbow above them. Although the subject has been

Boners

She: "Kiss me once more like that and I'm yours for life."

GI: "Thanks for the warning."

"We would never do for infantrymen," commented J. B. Priestly, registering with other 47-year-olds for national service, "but if you armored some of us we might do as tanks."

The Lord gave us two ends to use; One to think with and one to sit with. The war depends on which we choose; Heads we win, tails we lose!

Pvt.: "What kind of pie is this?"

Corp.: "What does it taste like?"

Pvt.: "Glue."

Corp.: "Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap."

Samuel F. B. Morse, who was an eminent painter before he invented telegraphy, once asked a physician friend to look at his painting of a man in death agony. "Well," Morse inquired after the doctor had scrutinized it carefully, "what is your opinion?" "Malaria," said the doctor.

A Draft Board official in Texas was asked: "What do you think of our chances of getting into the war?" "I can assure you," he answered, "if the United States gets into the war, Texas will get into it too."

Mothers who raise

A child by the book

Can, if sufficiently vexed,

Hasten results

By applying the book

As well as applying the text.

A restaurant and bar in Tampa is plugging a drink called Slapajap. When you order one, the barkeep pours colorless liquids from four bottles, adds ice, and shakes wildly. You put down two bits, get your drink—and a 25-cent war stamp. When you've tossed off the Slapajap you realize you've had a nice long drink of water. But you have the stamp.

In Louisville, Mayor Wilson Wyatt made an electrically transcribed speech, played the record back to himself to hear how it sounded, and fell asleep before the finish.

A Sergeant, ever-mindful of the censor, stopped in the middle of a letter to his wife to interpolate: "Lieut. Leslie, this is my wife. Honey, this is Lieut. Leslie, the censor." As an afterthought he added, "Crowded, isn't it?"

An Atlanta woman, riding home on a bus, suddenly realized she had left a "piggy bank" at the post office while mailing letters. She hurried back and found the bank on the counter, but noticed it had become heavier. Generous Atlantans, thinking it was there for aiding some worthy cause, had put coins into it.

A shoe manufacturer of Wakefield, Mass., reported that a seven-year-old boy applied for a job, explaining that he needed money to put his mother through welding school.

touched upon lightly and amateurishly, this is the real tropics.

(Written by a correspondent to our paper from New Guinea.)

A Good Teacher Is

Adaptable to people,
Generous of energy,
Open-minded towards changes,
Original in ideas,
Devoted to work,
Tactful towards all,
Enthusiastic in class room,
Analytical of situations,
Cheerful in outlook,
Healthy in body,
Efficient in details,
Reliable and Resourceful at all times.

Think This Over

(Continued from Page 1)

it was like being doused with ice water. I moved the boy into our boat for two nights and cuddled him like a mother would a child, trying to give him the warmth of my body . . .

Do you know someone who is angry because he had to sell that tire to the government? Read this: "I couldn't help but think that the rubber in an old tire was sufficient to make two or three of the rafts we were in. One of these rafts might, as in our case, save the lives of seven men . . ."

Does life seem a little drab at home? Read this: "At Guadalcanal I found a hellhole of mud and corruption. Besides the Japs, our boys are fighting malaria constantly. If it wasn't for the stimulus of success in combat, they could not possibly last physically or mentally very long. If only our people could know what our boys are doing for us . . ."

Out of the ordeal of 21 terrible days of hunger and thirst and cold and sleeplessness, there has come a story to stir the heart of every American, to shame him out of petty grumbling—to move him to a higher dedication in the fight for freedom.

Capt. Rickenbacker has said: "I hope the hardships we endured may be a stimulus to the people back home to drive them on to a greater peak, because, without THEIR effort, our boys can't do the job they are so willing to do, in the four corners of the world." Think this over!

On March 10th, Mr. Charles A. Dubois, principal of the Lyman School, spoke to the student body on the subject of "Prevention of Delinquency". Mr. Dubois said that one of the main duties of a teacher was to secure and to use all possible teaching materials that made for a realization of social values. He classified the social values in the following manner: security, health, productiveness, social justice, beauty, religiousness, sanctity of family life, fellowship, and knowledge. The teacher is, next to the home, more intimate and closely connected with the child than anyone else, and it is her duty to instill into the child the social values. The teacher can aid in this problem of child delinquency by detecting the problems that confront the child, helping the child in all possible ways to overcome his present situation and doing all that she can to prevent a recurrence of the problem once it has been corrected.

"The Great walks with the Small without fear. The Middling keep aloof."

—Rabindranath Tagore